

NOTION OF
OR, THE
Different Humours
OF
MEN:

Represented in an
INTERLUDE
At A
Country-SCHOOL.

Dec. 15. 1691.

LONDON, Printed, for The Par-
burſt at the Bible and Three Crowns in
Cheappſide near Mercers Chappel. 1691.

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LONDON, Printed for J. W. at the Bible and Trinitie Church, in the Strand, near St. Dunstons Church.

The Epistle Dedicatory

To the much Honoured

HONOURABLE

Sir John Shaw Barons

Sir John More Knight

Christopher Pack Esquire

Worthy Sirs

When the Reflections of
the Censorious had Ex-
ported from me, what the Impos-
sibility of the Friendly and Ope-

Consent to make this Scholastick
Interlude publick; I thought
there was a great deal of Ju-
stice, that it should be humbly
presented to the Principal E-
ditor of those Works, wherein
it was contriv'd; as a Monu-
ment to his Beneficence, and
my Own Gratitude. May the
publick Acknowledgment of the
kind Assistance, I had receiv'd
from you, and your generous Pa-
rents, in Reviving a Free School
for poor Children, be an Enco-
uragement to other Ingenious and
Worthy Gentlemen of the Age,
to imitate (beginning and ending
with
E A good

The Epistle Dedicatory

good Education of Youth, **and**
it will Effectually serve the De-
sign of

Mr. Speed, Sir Francis his Clerk.
Simon Shortbale, a scrupulous Man.
Lawrence Large, a proud conceited Man.
Benjamin Bragg, a confident Idiot.
Harry Hony, a scandalous Whore.
Mr. Spruce, a spiritual Gentleman.
Good God, much Obliged
Jun. penult. 1692.

Leicester Shire,
Affhy De la Zouch

and most humble

Will W. a hen-pecked Man.

Charles Chubb, a covetous Man.

Paul P., a contented Man.

Mr. Medley, a News-monger.

Mr. Shuck, an Epicure.

Mr. Grinden, a thriving Carpenter.

Frank Faint, a Lawyer.

Stephen S., a Melancholic.

Robert R., a callaway Care.

Kyle K., a vapouring Whore.

The House of Commons

Simon Shortnose, a scrupulous Man;
Lawrence Large, a broad conscienc'd Man;
Benjamin Brag, a confident Huff;
Harry Haze, a pusillanimous Man;
Mr. Spruce, a finical Gentleman;
Goodson, a clownish Countryman;
Anthony Angier, a pettish testy Man;
Lawrence Large, a meek sheepish Man;
Will. Wags, a hen-peckt Man;
Charles Catchit, a covetous Man;
Peter Peace, a contented Man;
Mr. Medler, a News-monger;
Mr. Slack, an Epicure;
Mr. Grindon, a snarling Carper;
Frank Fawns, a Flatterer;
Stephen Sad, a Melancholist;
Moses Merry, a cast-away Care;
Kester Killagrew, a vapouring Souldier.

The

A

Propo-

Προλογος.

ΧΑίρετε καὶ συγχαίρετε ἅπαντες
φιλανθρώπως. Ἐχομεν γυν εὐ-
νοϊκῶς πρὸς ὑμᾶς ἀκροαταί: προσκα-
λέσαμεν τοιγαρῦν ὑμᾶς, ὅστε τὸ ὑμᾶς
μετέχειν παιγνιῶν ἡμετέρων τῇ σήμερον.
ἑδὲν, μὲν ἑδὲν (ἐλπίζω) ἀπάντησιν ὑμῖν
ἀισχρὸν ἢ βέβηλον. ἑδὲν καθαρά ὑμῶν
ὥτα ἢ φρεῖνας ἀγναῖς μισνόν, ἐργεστε ὦν
ἐπὶ τῇ νηπιότητι τῇ ἡμετέρᾳ, καὶ ἡμῖν εὐχ-
νομονέετε, δέομαι: Μὴ προστίθετε αἰτίαν
τῶν μαθητῶν τῷ διδασκάλῳ. Ὅτι
ἀν ἄποπον, ὅτι ἀπρεπον, ὅτι ἀισχρὸν
ἡμέτερον ἔστιν, ἡμῖν λογιζεσθαι. Τα λοιπὰ
νυθετήσιν ὁ πρόλογος: ἐν τῷ μεταξὺ, χαι-
ρετε καὶ ἔρρωσθαι.

Prologus.

Prologus.

bi invidentium. Sed incassum queritur ;
sibi ipsi sapit, sibi ipsi
placet ; & rumpatur quisquis rumpitur
invidia. Male agitur cum miseris pæda-
gogis, si ad libitum & autum cuius cuius
homunculi vani & sibi male temperantis
os eorum obstruatur, & constringantur
manus. Sed ad vos redeo, benevoli au-
ditores ; Convenistis huc hodie specta-
rum, & ut spectemini. Nihil nostra in-
terest, an vigiletis, an dormiatis ; an au-
diatis, an solum spectetis ; an intelliga-
tis quid volumus, an approbetis quod in-
telligitis. Silere vel plaudite, læti sitis,
vel sitis tetrici, candidi vel cynici, eo-
demus redit. Sciatis vero velim, hodierni
colloquii finem esse & propositum vos
sapientiores magis quam hilariores effice-
re : Cavete vobis de zgritudinibus animi,
quas nos proponimus solum ut sanemus.
Bonis consulite seniles lucubrationes &
gesticulationes pueriles. His legibus sal-
vete omnes.

Prologus.

Prologue,

Welcome kind Auditors, and all ye who
are either so curious as to come to see,
or so fine or so pretty, as to come to be seen.
The truth is, it is not worth your while to
attend upon either what old age can present,
or child-hood can represent. Nay, possibly
you will say, — Merito suspecta
libido est, quæ venerem affectat sine vi-
ribus.

—He's a Fool that would make sport,
And has not Wit sufficient for't.

To which I might subjoin,

And he's a Clown that looks for Wine
Nor Age nor Time affording it.

Gentlemen, If you find nothing to entertain
your more exalted fancies, I will administer
this consolation to you, that if you be set on
edge, you may still laugh at your own sim-
plicity, when you find your selves disappoint-
ed.

Prologue.

ed. I know no body that is indebted to you & treat, nor that has promis'd you anything, but your selves. Therefore if you cannot laugh that we have made our selves fools for you, yet finding your selves disappointed, you cannot but laugh to see how we have made fools of you. But indeed, good people, we are in good earnest, a little to represent to you the extremes, that men commonly run into, that ye may avoid 'em, and the enormity of other mens passions, that you may the better suppress your own. We will not purposely reflect upon any person in the World: And yet we would have every person that hears us, make application too. To mingle good sense with well devised fables, facetious expressions or comical actions, was of old esteemed a good way of recommending vertue and exposing vice. And if we could possibly both delight you and edify you, we would dare to call it an entertainment. But (alas) we cannot pretend to the one or the other: The one we cannot do; the other perhaps you will not suffer. For I must tell you, there are but few people in the world so ingenuous or good natur'd, as to suffer themselves to be easily d. Man is a most pert creature, and will much sooner fall out and swagger, than either fall down or stagger at any reprehension. How

Prologue.

ever Gentlemen, put on your holyday humour,
and be as good natur'd as you can: And if
it be above us to receive your thanks, or be-
low you to give 'em, yet at least let us have
your pardon: which if we cannot obtain, we
will take heed not to offend another year.
But we are not solicitous about either the
one or the other, knowing that when we have
said all we can, ———

Plays must run their different fates,
According to the hearers Pates.

Enter

Prologue.

ever Gentlemen, but on your holiday humours,
and be as good natured as you can: And if
it be above us to receive your thanks, or be-
low you to give 'em, yet at least let us have
your pardon: which if we cannot obtain, we
will take heed not to offend another year.
But we are not sollicitous about either the
one or the other, knowing that when we have
said all we can,

Plays must run their different faces,
According to the hearers Faces.

Enter

*Enter Sr. Francis Freeman, with Father
Cafye a Scholastical Divine, and Dr.
Hely a Physitian. accompanying him,
and Mr. Speed his man waiting on him.
They Compliments each other, and take
their places.*

Freem. **M**Y worthy Friends, your Vi-
sit is very seasonable, and I
am right glad to see you. I know your
Accomplishments are very great in your
respective Professions, so great, as that
nothing can match them, except it be
that Singular Humanity, which instructs
you to communicate them for the Edify-
ing and Healing of all Neighbouring Man-
kind. And I dare say, if your Sphere
were as large as the Sun's, your Influ-
ences would be as diffusive as his: You are
rather straitned for room to Act in, than
for Benignity or Ingenuity to Act with.
It is pity, that such large Souls should be
pent up within such narrow Bounds of
Mortality.

Caf. Good Sr. *Francis*, do not trouble your self (not to say us,) with such high strains, which do more expresse your own Eloquence, than our Accomplishments. They only shew what you are able to speak, tho' it be such things which we blush to hear.

Idel. I pray, Sr. *Francis*, rather make Tryal, than Proclamation of our Skill and Aptitude to serve you. Bestow upon us your *Commands*, rather than your *Encomiums*, except you would have us to think, you have brought us higher, rather to Shame us, than Entertain us. For my own part, I assure you (and I think, I speak the Sense of this Reverend Father) I had rather do a thousand good Acts, than hear of one. The greatest Ingenuity imaginable is imperfect, however, it is not illustrious, without a proportionable Modesty. Tell us therefore, I pray Sir, wherein we may possibly serve you, or any of your Dependants, by our respective Faculties, and then, if we cannot approve our selves able, yet you shall be obliged to confess us willing.

Freder. Sir, I am well satisfi'd already, both of the one, and the other. In short there

therefore, I will tell you, what I would
consult you about. I am not only a Land-
lord of Estates, but I take my self also
to be a kind of a Landlord of Tempers
and Conversations, and that my Tenants
do in a great measure, hold their Minds
and Manners of me, as well as their
Lands. I have a plentiful Estate, which
I never labour'd for, never swate for, ne-
ver sought for, never study'd for, never
purchast. But it was devolved upon me
from my Ancestors, without any Care
or Charge of mine; So that I take it
with all its Encumbrances, and whate-
ver I find upon it, I take to be my own.
All the Inhabitants of it, are my Fam-
ily: The poor that I found there, and
their Posterity, I reckon, have as much
Right to live upon it, as I. The Land
was charg'd with them, as much as any
Land is charg'd with an Annuity; which
cannot be discharg'd, till the Persons
cease to be, or at least cease to be
there's.

Cas. Really *Sr. Francis*, I do admire
your curious Notion, I wish it were im-
pos'd by all the Landlords upon Earth.
In Free. In the Application of this No-
tion (for that you know, *Father*, is the
life

life of all) I take my self to be concern'd, to be almost paternally kind, charitable, and hospitable to 'em; to make much of those that do pay their Rents, to forbear those that do not, and to forgive those that cannot. And not only so, but I take my self also concern'd to look after the Health of their Bodies, and the peaceful, agreeable Tempers of their Minds. I would not see them injurious to one another, nor so much as uneasie to themselves. The Principal of my Tenants, are now in my House, they are come together to pay their *Mich.* Rent, and I have made them an Entertainment. But I know your good Counsel, and grave Advice will much excel my Mean and Drink, if you will please to vouchsafe it.

Cas. Sir, you express a Nature so good, and a Design so generous, that you may assure your self, of what I can contribute to the healing of their Tempers, and the reconciling of their Differences: And that without respect to any Party or Sect whatsoever. The very words, *Self, Fashion, Schism*, I verily believe, have created more Divisions, and more Enmity amongst Men, than the things

things themselves about they which differ. Every party, as they are more potent or more numerous than other, take it to be their priviledge, to call all the rest that are not of their mind, Factionous, or Schismatical. And why should one party be called a Sect more than another, meerly because it is less, or perhaps less favour'd in the World?—*mutata mensura de se Fabula narratur.* Do but turn the Tables, alter the Scene, change the Scales, and then they that branded the other for Sectaries, will themselves be found to be but a Sect. A Sect is but a part in proper speaking, and there is no Party in the world can pretend to be any more. Let any party in the world swell it self by Numbers, by Power, by Preferments and Priviledges, or (which is more) in Pride and Self-conceitedness; yet it will never be able to get to be the whole, no more than the Frog in the Fable, could get to match the Ox. The *Aristotelian* Philosophers had once almost engross'd to themselves the name of Philosophers; and yet they were but a Sect of Philosophers, for all that. For my part, Sr. Francis, I look upon every man to be a Sect, or Particel of the Universe,

niverse, and as such I love him, as such I would serve him.

Free. Sir, I do admire the Amplitude and Benignity of your Mind; I wish all the Fathers of the Church, would respect all men as their Children.

Hel. I can promise nothing for my self, *Sr. Francis*, but to be faithful and friendly in my Advice. Faithful in giving the best, and friendly in giving it for nothing; that so, if I cannot mend the man, yet I may not spend his money. There are many Phrases, whereby our Employment is express amongst men; but I like none of 'em so well as that of *Gain Physick*.

Free. I had thought Dr. all your Givings, had been Receivings; they go all by the name of *Recipe's*.

Hel. Yes, *Sr. Francis*, to the Patient it is a receiving, but from us, it is a giving. For my part, as Father *Caspe* looks upon all men to be Sects of the Universe, so I look upon them all to be Members of it, Fellow-members with my self. And shall one Member hire another to be helpful to it, or relieve it? will any Member that has Life and Sense in it, suffer a Fellow-member to languish meerly for lack of a Fee?

Free.

Free. But if you should have this Sympathy, Dr. towards all, you your self might in time languish for lack of food.

Hel. No danger of that. *Sr. Francis*, let this Sympathy be, as it ought to be, reciprocal, and all men will be as forward to administer to my Necessities, as I to their Infirmities; and so Kindness and Charity will circulate through the Universe, as naturally as the Blood through the Veins.

Free. Well, I thankfully accept your generous Offer, Dr. But I hope we shall not have occasion to give you much trouble; my Neighbours being generally more troubled with vicious Passions, than morbidick Humours, *Agrotant animo magis quam corpore.*—*Speed*, Call in hither my Neighbour *Simon Shortbosc*, and *Lawrence Large*. *Speed*. I doubt *Sr.* they will not agree to come together, they are of so different Humours.

Free. I warrant thee, they can agree to eat and drink together, sure they can agree to appear together—

Exit Speed.

This *Shortbosc*, Gentlemen, is a wonderful scrupulous man, and exceptions almost against every thing. But my

Neighbour *Large*, is not troubled with that fault, he is rather in a contrary Extreme, he swallows all that comes, and sticks at nothing.

Enter *Speed*, with *Shorthose* and *Large*.

Come Mr. *Shorthose*, you're welcome into our Company.

Short. Nay, pray Landlord, do not master me, you know I am no Gentleman.

Hel. Why, you are a Man, and you are Gentle; ergo, you are a Gentleman.

Short. Sir, whosoever you are, your *Ergo* sounds like the Language of the Beast; and your Logick runs Arseward; for if I be a man Gentle, it will not follow, that I am a Gentleman.

Hel. I perceive you are very scrupulous or very captious.

Short. Wherever you call me Sr. my name is *Shorthose*.

Cal. But what, Friend, have you no Christian name?

Short. Sr. I do not like Christians in name; Those Christians in name, have quite spoil'd the name of Christian; Give me a Christian in Deed.

Free. Nay, pray goodman *Shorthose*, be not so very exceptionous, these Gentlemen are Friends of mine, and I am sure design you no hurt.

Short.

Short. Goodman? Sir, I do not pretend to be a good man; I am full bad enough: If I be but a good Tenant, I hope it will serve your turn.

Facc. Yes, yes *Simon*, I own you to be a good Tenant: you do not scruple to pay your Rent, and that's enough to recommend you to me; but I could wish you were more easie to your self, than your scrupulous Temper does suffer you to be.

Short. Why, you would not have me to digest Iron Sr. would you?

Caf. Iron? I perceive you cannot digest so much as a Feather.

Short. A Feather! Sr. Feathers, as light as they are, are as hard to be digested as Iron, for ought I know. I'm sure I had a good Cow choak'd with one of them the other day. I guess Sr. by the length of your Rayment, that you are of the breed of the *Pharisees*, and by the Complexion of it, that you are ally'd to the Priesthood. Now I hear it is a great piece of Priest-craft at *Rome*, from whence perhaps you are come, to prescribe things as hard to be digested as Iron; and yet at the same time, to call 'em light things, and make the World to believe, they are
but

but Feathers. A Rapier is but a sma-
thing, but it will run a man through;
and even Feathers themselves will choak.

Hel. I perceive *Sr. Francis*, that this
man will prove my Patient. I suppose
he is troubled with a narrow Throat, I
have an Instrument that will bore it
wider.

Cas. Nay Doctor, I rather think he
is troubled with a short-bos'd Consci-
ence, I will endeavour to cut it longer.

Short. I thought what a Doctor you
was Sir; rather than make the *Bos* less,
you will make the Throat wider. And
this you say you would do by boring it.
I wish you do not mean cutting it, ma-
ny mens Throats have been cut, for no
other fault that I know of, but because
they could not swallow well. And as for
your cutting a Conscience longer, *Sr.* nei-
ther I, nor never a Taylor in the Town,
I think, can understand that Notion. Ma-
ny one I believe you have set upon the
Tenters, and stretcht 'em till they gasht
again; But cutting of Consciences lon-
ger, I never heard of before. Sure, you
rather belong to the Company of Cloth-
workers, than Taylors. Certainly most
men act by a publick Conscience: For
if

if they acted by a private Conscience, it would inform 'em, that they ought not to impose upon other mens Belief; any more than themselves would be content to be impos'd upon by others.

Large. A publick Conscience, Neighbour *Simon*? why, what can be more safe or easie, or indeed reasonable, than to act by a publick Conscience? safe I'm sure it is; for then a man shall meet with no Disturbances, nor Persecutions in the World: Let my Conscience be of the currant national stamp, and a fig for all Informers. Easie I'm sure it is, it prevents a great deal of thoughtfulness, supersedes many Disputes and Controversies, saves a great Labour of running up and down to consult Divines and Casuists, and frees a man's Mind from the perplexing Thoughts of another world, when he knows that the King and Parliament must answer for him. And to me it seems very reasonable to.

Short. Reasonable? I believe nothing seems unreasonable to a man of your Dimensions. If a man had a Mouth wide enough, he might swallow Mill-stones.

Large. Nay, Neighbour *Simon*, he must have a Threat proportionable, or it will

not go down. But as to the Reasonableness of acting by a publick Conscience, I pray hear what I have to say. You know we Countrymen are Idiots, home-spun, of no ingenuous Education, in no publick Employment, we are not our selves learned, we know not what their Hebrew, and Greek and Latin means: Is it not fit then, that we should be rul'd by them that are Book-learn'd?

Short. Book-learn'd? Away with this Letter-learning. If we cannot read English, we are Fools; and if the Learned Linguists have falsely translated the Original, they are Knaves. If they have dealt faithfully, we are as wise as they: if they have not, there is no reason to trust them any more.

Large. But I pray, Neighbour *Simon*, do we not trust Physicians with our Bodies, and Parliaments with our Estates? And is it not as equal, that we should trust the Church with our Consciences?

Short. For my part, Neighbour *Lawrence*, I never trusted Physicians with my Body, nor never will. If Temperance and Exercise will not keep me alive, I will be content to die. As for Parliaments,

ments, they are not a thing distinct from us, they are an Assembly of our selves; what they do, we do: I my self sit in Parliament at this hour, tho' I stand here prating with you. But I pray, who ever made such bargain with, or gave such Power to any number of Spiritual Men (as they love to be called) as to tax their understandings, or excise their Consciences?

Large. I do not know who did it; but your Conscience is basely excis'd or precis'd or some cis'd or other to my thinking; for it is not of the same size with other folks.

Short. That's because yours and theirs is of too large a size.

Large. I know not what you call largeness of Conscience. For my part I reckon it a piece of liberty and generosity not to stand in awe of any punctilio's; and a piece of humility and self-denial to resign up my judgment to my betters, and to believe as the Church believes.

Short. I thought it would come to that at last. But if it be so, how can one chuse but wonder for what Man was made with a Mind and Conscience? Can one imagine that Man was made with

with a Conscience, that like a silly Animal he might be pack-saddled by every Driver, and ridden by every Jocky. He needed not to have a Conscience putt in to him to qualifie him for such servitude, sure. In my opinion Conscience is that to Men which chastity is to Women; lose that, and lose all; Farewell all Vertue, and all respect to things Divine or Humane. And who can deny but that it is prudent and safe to suspect? Trust not, and you will not be betray'd.

Caf. I confess, friend *Shorthose*, you have spoke a great deal of good sense in what you have said. It is a great vertue for a Man to be Prudent, Cautious and Inquisitive: to believe by authority rather than by argument, is the Religion of an Oxe, or the Conscience of a Horse, that obey their Drivers and their Riders. But yet sure there is a mean; extream scrupulosity renders a Man uneasy to himself, unconvertable to his neighbour. Besides, it argues weakness of apprehension, and an unmanly Cowardice.

Shor. I pray Sir, do not judge me. If scrupulosity be a fault, I'm sure censoriousness is a greater. It is more tolerable to judge our selves than other men, though

though we should happen to be too severe. But I doubt I have spent too many words and too much time to little purpose. I hope my Landlord will not be offended; and as for you strangers, I do not scruple at your displeasure at all.

— *Exit Shortnose.*

Large. Farewell Neighbour *Shortnose.*

Short. — Turns again, I do not make so much of my self as you do.

Large. I'm glad he's gone. I abhor this Puritanical squeamishness. It is not for us Country people to distinguish nicely, to know the causes and reasons of things, to rack our Consciences about every thing, nor indeed about any thing. I think it is enough for me to follow my guide, and to ride in company with my Neighbours; and in such case, I wonder who ever troubled himself to enquire the way.

Cas. It is very good indeed, friend, and an argument of an obedient, humble, peaceable, and self-denying Mind, to have a great respect to our Superiors, and to have a deference to authority: for want of which some self-conceited humours and pragmatistical Spirits have strangely enflam'd the World, and un-

hing'd

hing'd the Governments that they ought to have liv'd peaceably under. But yet I hope you are not so profligate, nor your Conscience so prostituted, that you would pin your Faith upon any Mans sleeve whatsoever.

Large. Really Sir if it were a Lawn Sleeve, I do not much care if I did.

Gaf. You do well to have a veneration for that Consecrated kind of Linnen; but yet pray remember it is but Linnen, it is tender, and possibly may not bear so great a stress as you lay upon it. Obedience is good and laudable, but then it must not be blind. An easie, ductile, and tractable temper is commendable; but the tractableness of a Horse, or of a Spaniel, are not commendable in a Man. Reason is our distinguishing character indeed, but then it must be our own and not anothers.

Large. I do not well understand your Learned sayings, Sir, but yet I thank you for them; for I believe you mean well to me. And as to the main point, I fancy my Landlords Worship is much of my Mind, that a poor Tenant need not trouble his head about any thing, but getting his Rent ready at *Lady day* and *Michaelmas*.

mac.

Free. I beg your leave to go to my Neighbours. Your humble servant Sir.

Large. Make much of your self, *Lawrence*: but take heed my Ale do not do that by you, which I perceive never any Case of Conscience could yet do. I mean, trouble your head.

Large. Returns. My Head, Sir? I doubt your Hoghead will suffer more than my Head.

Free. They are resolved to be merry. I perceive at the parting with their Money. I hope, Gentlemen, you will not be offended with their rustical and unpolite behaviour.

Hel. Oh no, Sir *Francis*. I pray let us see some more of them.

Free. Speed. Call in hither *Benjamin* *Bras*, and *Harry* *Hay*.

Speed. Your Worship knows that these two Men can never agree.

Free. I pray thee hold thy Tongue: they will not fall out with us.

Speed. I doubt they will fall out in your Worships presence, and I should be loth to see that disturbance.

Free. Go thy way. I doubt not but that these worthy Gentlemen will either
C keep

keep 'em from falling out, or soon make 'em fall in again. Nay I my self have so much authority, that if they should happen to fall alunder, I can make them fall together again presently.

Spaw. Together Sir? Ay together by th' Bars it may be.

Free. Thou knowst *Harry* is of those principles that he will not fight, and *Ben* I am sure dare not. Take this for a Maxim, Vaporers are never good fighters. Go fetch 'em hither.

Exit Spaw.
Free. Gentlemen, these two Neighbours are also of a very different temper, but I think both in extreams. *Ben. Brag* is of a bold, conceited, over-weening temper, highly opinionated of his own abilities and undertakings. *Harry* *Harry* is mean Spirited, Cowardly, Pusillanimous, easily run down by any confident Huff; he has scarce the courage of a Worm, to turn at him that treads upon him. But they are both good sufficient Tenants. I would their tempers could be rectified.

Hel. It seems to me, Sir *Francis*, as if these Men would be put into my hands. For these different tempers of Mind do
mainly

mainly spring from different and disordered temperaments of body. An undue mixture and dyscrasy of humours in the organized Body do necessarily taint the disposition and operations of the Mind.

Free. But I fear for all that, Doctor, we shall have much ado to persuade 'em to take Physick. — Enter *Speed* with *Brag* and *Hart*. They bow.

Come Mr. *Brag*. I have desir'd your company a little out of pure kindness.

Brag. I thank your Worship, Sir *Francis*, tho' I assure you it is not the first time that many worthy Knights and Gentlemen have taken it for a kindness to have my company.

Free. Not unlike Mr. *Brag*. But indeed I meant kindness to you, not kindness from you. If any thing ail you in Mind or Body, here are worthy Gentlemen, that I believe can relieve you.

Brag. Nay I thank my good Stars, Sir *Francis*, I am not brought to that pass as to need to be reliev'd; tho' I myself relieve many at my Gates daily.

Hart. He means the Gates that lead into his fold-yard; for other Gates he has none, to my knowledge. And the poor that he relieves there, are nothing but his

poor Pigs, and a few Crow-trodden
Hens.

Brag. Harry, Thou art a Mouse of a
Man. I tell thee, my Mind to me a
Kingdom is. If I please to call my en-
try a Porch, my Porch a Court, my Court
a Square, my House a Hall, or my Door
Gates, they are all this to me, and
the satisfaction I take in them will justi-
fie the appellation, and warrant the high-
est phrase I can use. For the content of
my Mind is such as admits of no hyper-
bole.

Hol. You are the happiest Man that
ever I met with, Sir, sure your name is
Nihil. For I never met with any thing
that was *ex omni parte beatum*, but one Mr.
Nihil.

Brag. I know not what you mean by
Nichols; I am no Latine Scholar. And
I think it is well for all you Learned men
that I am not: For if my Education
had equall'd my ingenuity, —

Free. What then, Mr. *Brag*?

Brag. Why then Sir, perhaps I had
been Sir *Francis Freeman*, and your wor-
ship *Benjamin Brag*.

Free. Methinks you are as free, yea
as prodigal in your own commendation,

as if you had had all the Education in the World.

Brag. And indeed *Sr. Francis*, bating the name, (which is but a poor thing) I think I am as much a *Freeman* as your worship, and as happy as any Man that dwells under the shadow of a Scepter, I have a Body of Brass, and a Mind of Gold ; my Constitution is healthful, my Disposition harmless, and my Reputation spotless. I can work as industriously as an Ox, when that's over, I can play as wantonly as a Calf. In the night I sleep like a Top, in the morning I fly abroad like a Gigg. I can eat like a Horse, and drink like an Ox, and yet not make a Beast of my self by either eating or drinking. My Mind is vertuously dispos'd : I hate no man, I despise no man, I envy no man, I admire no man. I have no Enemies that I know of, If I have, I wish they were my friends. I have a chaste and loyal wife, dutiful and obedient children, diligent and faithful servants, peaceable and kind Neighbours. And now, *Sir Francis*, give me but leave to add to all these such a Landlord as I desire, and what flesh upon Earth happier than *Ben.*

follow

Free. You mean a Landlord that would look for no Rent, I warrant.

Brag. Nay for looking, if that were the worst, let him look his Eyes out if he will: but this straining, oh this straining puts the poor Tenant to the greatest distress of any thing. I would the King would call a Parliament of Tenants, we would soon redress this grievance.

Harry. Nay pray, Mr. Brag, let Tenants be content to be Tenants still. He that is Mr. Brag whilst he is a Tenant what would he be if he were a Landlord?

Brag. Why what would he be, dost thou think man?

Harry. I doubt he would add something, and lengthen himself out to Braggadochio.

Brag. I believe thou wast hatcht under an Hen, Harry, and canst not to be trodden by every Crow.

Harry. Nay, But I think it is good to know my own breed, and herd with my own kind. It is a dangerous thing for Asses to associate themselves with Horses, much more with Lions. It is not for every back to bear the great burdens of Worship and Lordships. Mean men

would bow down, yea be quite broken under them.

Brag. Ay such mean-spirited fellows as thou art. But I would my Landlord would try me with his Worship and his Lordships, he should soon see how I could cutge away with em.

Cas. But what, Sir, is there no infirmity of Body or Mind, no inconvenience in your life, that you would have remedy'd.

Brag. Sir, if any thing ail'd me, I would not complain of it; especially I would not whine to strangers. I have, if occasion be, counsel in my self, both for Body and Mind, I need no Physician nor Divine. But if you will needs be meddling, or that you are so charitably dispos'd, there's a poor Sheepish Neighbour whom you will do well to relieve. I believe he'll dye of the rot shortly, if he be not reliev'd.

Hart. Yes indeed, Gentlemen: I am a poor Snake, a filly sheep, a vermine, as much less than a Man, as a man is than a Mouse, my Body is diseased, my Mind discomposed, strangers despise me, Neighbours oppress me, I cannot be at peace with my self, I dare not fall out

with other folk. My days are wearisome, my nights are wakeful, my Wife indeed smiles, but I think it is at my folly, and when my Children laugh, I think they laugh me to scorn, my Landlord, I thank his noble Worship, is very kind to me, but I am troubled to think it will not last long.

Free. Why *Harry*, you are a good Tenant, you pay punctually, you keep good repairs, you have a good stock, you are a good Husband with it, and it prospers well under your hands. Why are you so discontent and timorous? you want nothing.

Hart. Ah Sir, but I shall want. The worst is to come yet. I shall want in my old age, when I shall not be able to relieve my self, and I know of no body that will relieve me.

Cas. Let not that trouble you friend, perhaps you may never live to be old.

Hart. Ah Sir, that troubles me too. For if I should dye young, what would become of my Wife and Children?

Hel. I never met with such a cowardly fellow in my life, that dare neither live nor dye, that dare neither live long nor dye young. Here's no room for Physical Prescriptions. If he had a desire to live,

I could help him; if he had a mind to die, I could hasten him. But I know not what to say or to do to such a Coward as this.

Free. But I pray Doctor, is there no help for the case of these Neighbours.

Hel. Indeed, *Sr. Francis*, your Neighbour *Brag's* Humors are so stubborn, that I doubt no Physick will work upon them: And your Neighbour *Hart's* so thin, that I doubt there is no filling 'em, or bringing them to a Consistency.

Free. That's strange. Cannot one take the ones wild Oats, and the others Vetches? and sow 'em together, and make good pullymugs of 'em.

Hel. I do not understand that rural kind of Physick, *Sr. Francis*. But I will tell you what I can do, I can make a Transfusion of some of *Mr. Brag's* fiery Blood, into *Mr. Hart's* Veins, and some of *Mr. Hart's* weak watery Blood, into *Mr. Brag's* Veins, and so make a Temperament.

Brag. Say you so, Sir? But I will have no such sheepish blood run in my Veins.

Hart. I thank you Sir, but I desire no Man's Blood; neither can I endure to see my own.

Esc. I pray Gentlemen, take some moral

moral Advice then; and you Man, remember that you are but a Worm; and you Worm, remember that you are a Man.

Brag. As if I should say, you Father, remember you are but a Child, and you Child, remember that you are a Father of Children. Come, come *Harry*, let them talk of Transfusion as long as they will, Go with me into my Landlord's Celler, and I will infuse some better Blood into thee.

—He takes him by the Hand—*Exeunt.*

Free. I doubt he will make a worse Beast of him than a Worm; if the company do not over-rule him, he'll make him that he cannot crawl, and then he will lose his worm-hood as well as his manhood.

Speed. There's no danger of that, if it please your Worship. The Butler has a strict Charge to see that they drink no health but their own.

Free. That's very well. I pray thee, *Speed*, then go and invite Mr. *Spruce* and Goodman *Gray* hither.

Speed. Your Worship does match 'em so strangely, that I doubt you will make them fall together by the Ears. For those

those two men cannot set up their Horses together.

Free. But I'll keep 'em from fighting, or I'll set 'em by the heels together. Have not I taught thee this piece of Logic, *Opposita intra se posita magis conciliantur?*

Speed. Your Worship has many wise Sayings in the year, which I am little the wiser for; but I will go fetch 'em before your Worship.—*Exit.*

Free. Gentlemen, you will find these men in Extremes too. The one of 'em is so finnickal and complimentary, that a Hair must not grow upon his Head, nor a Word come out of his Mouth awry. The other, so plain and home-spun, that you will not believe him ever to have been at the Barber's shop, nor at the School till now.—*Enter Speed* with *Spruce* and *Gray*. You're welcome Mr. *Spruce*, and you also Goodman *Gray*. I do not wish any thing to ail you; But if any thing do, I hope here are Gentlemen that will heal you.

Sr. Your humble Servant, *Sr. Francis*. It is your more than Humanity, to invite us to the Acquaintance of these worthy Persons. And if they will help us in any thing,

thing, it is more their Goodness than our Desert.

Gr. I pray Mr. Spruce, speak for your self. I think I have deserv'd at the hands of any man living, as much as he has deserv'd at mine, Bless the King and my Landlord.

Spr. I think you'll never cease to be a Clown, till you cease to be—

Gr. That was wittily spoken indeed; I shall never cease to be, till I cease to be—

Free. He means, till you cease to have a Being.

Gr. He means? It is your Worships Wit to gather Means. For my part, I am a poor man, and know not what folk meanen, but by what they speaken. But I pray, Landlord, what ha' these fine Gentlemen to say to us? They are none of those folk they callen Parliament-men I hope: they say they are in Power now.

Cas. No, no, Friend, we are no Tax-makers, nor Tax gatherers. But if any thing be amiss with you in Body or Mind, we are ready to serve you to the utmost of our power, freely.

Spr.

Spr. Oh blessed thing! That this last and degenerate Age of the World should turn out any such generous Souls!

Gr. Turn out? I think Mr. *Spruce*, never any Age turn'd out more generous Souls, than this has done. I'm sure those that were turn'd out, did a great deal more good, than they that were put in.

Spr. I hope, noble Gentlemen, you will not be offended with the plain Talk and course Wit of my Neighbour *Gray*. He does not pretend to fine-spinning.

Gr. I think Mr. *Spruce*, you was spun so fine, that you had like to have been twitter'd.

Spr. Neighbour *Gregory*, I am fine and true spun. Every Thread of my Life, every Line of my Language, is as even as any Hair of my Head.

Gr. As for your Language, Mr. *Spruce*, I think if you do but speak truly and kindly, it's fine enough of all Conscience. As for the Threads of your Life, my Neighbours, *Isaac* and *Ephraim* the Weavers, can judge better than I; for they know your Warp, as well as your Wool. But indeed, I think either of 'em may soon be as even as the Hairs of your Head;

Head; for I do not know any you have.

Spr. Why, what are you Gray Ey'd too? do not you see I have Hairs on my Head?

Gr. I see you have Hairs upon your Head, but I much question, whether you have a Hair of your Head, I doubt they are all borrow'd.

Spr. Borrow'd! I scorn your words, I bought 'em all.

Gr. Yea, so I think. But for all that, I doubt they are all borrow'd. And if every Whore and Jade on which they once grew, could come and challenge their own, I doubt you would be brought at as bad as the Crow in the Story.

Spr. I doubt Goodman Gray, you have read the English *Aesop's Fables*. But I pray, what have you to say against Periwigs? for I know you reflect upon them.

Gr. Indeed Mr. *Spruce*, I do not use to trouble my Brains about other folks Heads, nor my Head about other folks Hairs. But to tell you plainly, as the man said of the Wooden Deity, I do not like 'em. I think they smellen of Popery: for if it were not for thaven

Crowns,

Crowns, I think we should have no false Locks.

Spr. Popery, man? Bless me from Popery. And pray Gregory, what if the Popish Priests be shavelings, will it thence follow, that either the English Priests or People are Popish because they are shavelings?

Gr. No Sir, but I think they that throw away their own Hair, and then are forc't to buy other folks, to cover their Nakedness, are very prodigal. And if they do it for no other cause, but Modishness, it is wlish and odious Vanity.

Spr. Apish? Ha, Apish? why I pray Gregory, whom do they imitate?

Gr. I think Sir, they imitate the French Catamites, whom this present Age does so foppishly dote upon in all things, that to me it bodes very ill. And what can one expect better, than that all frenchify'd Heads, should be subject to the French Crown? Besides, Sir, the Prodigality of this Trick is as odious as the Vainness of it. I believe, for your part, your Hair costs more in the year, than your Head's worth. A Barber that adorns the Head with Hair, is a better Trade than a Schoolmaster, that fur-

furnishes it with Brains. I would I were Mr. Parliament for one Session. Instead of a Poll-Bill, I would make a Perwig-Bill: And if I should lay it but low, I believe it would furnish the King with Money enough for the next Campaign.

Spr. And do not you think, that my Curled Locks, are more decent than your unfashionable Bristles?

Gr. In such Bristles as these I have heard, that the great *Julius Caesar* marcht before his Army over the cold Mountains: And thus bristled, did all the Roman Dictators and Generals perform all their Great and Hardy Exploits. Oh rare Improvement! *Grobian* Helmets turn'd into French Periwigs, and do not they agree bravely with'd Houses and thatch'd Heads.

Spr. I know Gregory, you are an old fashion'd Fool, and 'tis to no purpose to talk to you.

Gr. I know Mr. Spruce, you are a new fashion'd Fop, and 'tis in vain to answer you. You are so finical forsooth, and so complimentary, that one scarce knows whether he is Inlander or Outlander, English or French; nay, scarce whether you

you be Monsieur or Madam. This I am sure of, you have not so much as an Hair of any honest Man, growing either upon your Head or Face.

Spr. This I am sure of, that you are a sordid Clown. I was born under the auspicious Planet of *Jupiter*.

Gr. They say he was the greatest Whore-master in the World.

Spr. And under the auspicious Aspect of the ingenious Mercury.

Gr. The Errandest Knave and Thief in nature.

Spr. What will this blasphemous Fellow make of my Stars by and by? I was bred up in the most Advantageous Circumstances of Education: that what by Nature, and what by Art, I may be very well call'd double-refin'd.

Gr. I fancy Mr. Spruce, you were cut out for a Sugar-loaf.

Spr. And what I pray, what was you cut out for, Gregory?

Gr. A lump of brown Sugar-Candy, if it please you Sr.

Spr. A lump of dirt rather. You are Gray by Name, Nature, Manners, Apparel, all over Gray, Gray, Gray, Gray. Your Coat

D. to idgri home-

home-spun, your Behaviour course, and Temper courtest of all.

Caf. Gentlemen, you talk of fine spinning, and course spinning, but me thinks I have seen Linnen and Woollen agree better in one piece of Cloth, than you two agree in Conversation.

Gr. Ay Sir, Linsye-woolsey is a good sort of Cloth: my old *Jone* has Aprons of it, that wear very well. But I doubt it would pass the skill of any Weaver or Barber in Town, to make up a Periwig of Whores Hair and Swines Bristles; or to make Velvet of a Sows Ear.

Caf. But yet friend, me thinks if Mr. *Spruce* were a little more *Gray*, and Goodman *Gray* a little more *Spruce*, you might make up one good even Thread between you.

Spr. Sir, I tell you, I would not be a Clown, for all my Landlords Estate.

Gr. Sir, I tell you, I would not be so Spruce as Monsieur, to be as great as he, if I were sure to be made Universal Monarch.

Free. I see Father *Casse*, that *Spruce* will be *Spruce*, and *Gray* will be *Gray* still in spite of all the Taylors, Barbers

bers and Manner-mongers in the World.
If you please, we will leave these men
the one to his old *Mumpsimus*, the o-
ther to his new *Sumpsimus*, and I will
send for some others in, of whose Cure
there may be more hopes. I pray Sirs,
go in, and make much of your selves;
drink together and be friends.

Spr. I thank your Worship. Sr. that u-
ses to make men friends, but I doubt it
will make us fall out the more; he
drinks so old fashionedly and slovenly;
that he will stabber in the Glass.

Gr. You had more need to wipe your
Mouth after your Slander, than I after
my Slabber. I will never be reconcil'd
to Pride whilst I live. I'll see all their
Periwigs made into fishing Lines, and their
Cravats into Halsters before—*Exit.*

Free. My worthy friends, I'm sorry
that you have only Exercise for patience,
and none for skill. *Speed.* call in hither
Anth. Angier and Lawrence Lamb.

Free.—And Lawrence Lamb.

Speed. I doubt your Worship will
not mend the matter, by that pair. I
doubt your Worships Ale, has had some
influence upon *Anthony* already; for I
D—*Anthony* already; for I

heard him quarrelling and snarling when I was last in the House.

Fre. You cannot tell, but he may be a little mellow'd by this time: And then if *Lamb* be but a little sharpened, as sometimes it comes to pass, they may meet in a Temper. Go your way, we will try 'em. — *Exit Speed.*

Hely. Sir *Francis*, you suggest a great Notion, and I think I may say, a strange *Phænomenon* in Nature. For really, I think there is nothing more unaccountable in the nature of man than that wonderful *Metamorphosis*, which is made by intoxicating Liquors. One would verily think it were an Enchantment. It makes the Coward bold and quarrelsome without provocation; the Modest, Obscene and Rampant, without any temptation; the Covetous, and Penurious, Prodigal without reason; the faithful Counsellor flattery and impertinent out of season, and many other such strange pieces of Witchcraft it does perform. Sometimes it shuts the Mouth, that men cannot speak at all; sometimes it opens the Heart, that they speak all, and more than all. It makes the merry Melancholick, the Melancholick mad: It makes the

the meanest Subject, as good as a King, and the greatest King, as mean as a Beast.

Cas. It is true, what you say Doctor, and I believe with you, as well as amongst us, it is unaccountable. But it is a rul'd case amongst us, that though strong Drink does discover Tempers, it does not make 'em, and that men had in 'em before, what they then bring forth according to the old *Maxim*, *Nihil dat quod non habet.* — Enter *Speed*, with *Angier* and *Lamb*.

Free. Come *Anthony*, you are apt to complain, when it may be nothing ails you; or at least, when there is no body to relieve you. But now here are Gentlemen, that if you have any fault to find, I believe will remedy it.

Ang. What a goodly Harangue have you made Landlord? If I should bring such a parcel of words instead of my *Mich.* Rent, I doubt I should be reckon'd to be in Arrear still. I am apt to complain, you say, when nothing ails me. Why this ails me, ay, and vexes me too, that I am poor *Anthony* the Tenant, and you are Sir *Francis* the Landlord; and I work hard, and you do nothing for it. When

there is no body to relieve me, you say. I hope I do not yet need to be reliev'd by the Parish: there are enough that do; so many, that I fear shortly, the Parish it self will fall to some other Parish to be reliev'd. But here are Gentlemen, you say, that if I have any fault to find, you believe will remedy it. E'en let 'em be gone then; for this is the fault that I find, that there are any more Gentlemen here; we have too much of you. These are pitiful Gentlemen sure, that offer to remedy people that have no disease.

Lamb. Something ails you *Anthony*, I doubt; what makes you so angry at every body else?

Anthony. Every body? Ha! you three or four are every body, I warrant, nay, you Neighbour *Lamb* pretend to be some body too, do you?

Lamb. Yes *Anthony*, I am some body sure, tho' I am but a mean Person.

Anthony. I know not what you call a Person: I take you to be a Sheep.

Lamb. I may be in time; for I am *Lamb* already.

Anthony.

Ang. Away with you; Lambs are out of season: They are Lamb-hags now.

Lamb. It may be I partake of both, *Anthony.*

Ang. Not unlike *Lawrence*, &c. the filliness of a Sheep, and the sordidness of a Swine.

Lamb. My filliness any body may see: But as for sordidness, I do not acknowledge it: me thinks I am pretty neat.

Ang. Ay, if thou wert well tann'd, I think thy skin would be Neats Leather.

Lamb. I doubt you call me Calf too by craft, but I pray good Neighbour, what reason have you to be so angry?

Ang. Thou filly Sheep! Reason to be angry? Do folk use to be angry by Reason, or Rules of Art? He is a filly Sheep, or a foolish Neat like thee, that cannot be angry without Reason. I tell thee I am angry, and that's enough. But if thou wilt needs have a Reason, I tell thee, I am angry at thee, for not being angry.

Lamb. Angry? Alas! I see nothing to be angry at

Ans. See nothing to be angry at? Why then thou canst not see at all. put on my Spectacles, and thou wilt see nothing, but what thou oughtest to be angry at.

Lamb. I pray, Neighbour *Angier*, consider, we have a Puiſſant King, a Prudent Parliament, a Pious Clergy, both *pro* and *con*, a gentle Landlord, good Penny worths, Convenient Houſes, Comfortable Relations, peaceable Neighbours, and what ſhould fret us?

Ans. — Stamps. Oh! theſe peaceable Neighbours are enough to vex any body, who can endure to live, and mould? To lie and ruſt, for want of a little whetting and ſharping. And do but ſee how your ſilly ſheepiſh Fancy can digeſt any thing. If you had any Concern for the World, as we briske men have, you would ſay, we have a King (it's true) that's no Child, but he's childleſs. We have a Parliament that are no fools, but they may make fools of us. We have a Pious Clergy (eſpecially about *Chriſtmas* time) what you mean by your *pro* and *con*, I cannot well tell; but according to my little *Latin*. It ſhould be *pro mundo*, and *contra Chri-*

Hum. We have a gentle Landlord, but he calls for his Rent for all that. We have good penny-worths, but we pay dear for 'em. We have convenient Houses, but they cost a great deal to keep in repair. We have comfortable relations too forsooth; but I'm sure they are very costly, if yours be like mine.

Lamb. I see, Neighbour, you have a mind to pick a quarrel with every Man and every thing. But I pray how can you say, we have good penny-worths, and yet pay dear for 'em?

Ang. Dear? we pay the sweat of our brows, and I know not what our Landlord would have of us more, except he would have the blood in our Veins.

Cas. I perceive Sir *Francis* you have call'd this man in at a wrong time of day, or on a wrong day, the one. He has been newly paying his Rent and that puts him out of humour: He does as good as tell you, he parts with his Money like drops of his Blood.

Free. That need not trouble him: He'll get new blood by *Lady day*.

Ang. Ay, and then that Horse-leach of a Landlord will suck him again.

Free. I had hop'd that a Glass of Ale would

would have digested the Payment of your Rent, before now. They say Ale heats the Stomach and so helps digestion.

Hel. I doubt Sir *Francis*, yours had heated more than his Stomach.

Ang. You are some sorry kind of Doctor I warrant, that differs but little from Dog-turd.

Free. Fye, Fye *Anthony*, if you must needs be angry, yet be not nasty.

Ang. Nasty? I doubt your Worship will not give the Country-man leave to call his Spade a Spade? Nasty? Ha! I warrant to gratifie your worships squeamishness, I must call the Gentleman *Album Gracum*.

Caf. Friend, However Sir *Francis* is squeamish, I'm sure you are scurrilous.

Ang. How is that Sir *Reverence*? Scurrilous? I pray what's that Currilous? I doubt you mean Currish. But if you do, I matter not. A snappish Cur is as good as a Lazy one; a crusty Cur as good as a Cur that will be brib'd with a craft. But I believe you can Bark too, when you are minded. You are one of those that can Bark at the Sheep, and be silent at the Wolves.

Hel.

Hel. I doubt Sir *Francis*, you must be
at some charges with this man in *Bed-*
lam.

Ang. I need not go far to seek that,
if a Company of Madmen will make a
Bedlam.

— *Exit Angier in a Passion.*

Free. Farewell Frenzy. As for your
part *Lawrence*, I am glad to find that you
are so easie and ail nothing. Here is no
practice for either of these Gentlemen
upon you.

Cas. Nay good Sir *Francis*, It is some-
times Vertuous to be angry, upon occa-
sion: And I doubt no man lives but some-
times finds occasion.

Hel. Yea and it is healthful too; so
it be not raging. Winds, yea brisk
Winds are good for purging the Air;
and so are passions for discussing ill hu-
mours in the body, and putting it into a
right ferment; so they do not amount
to tempests.

Lamb. I pray Gentleman, do not go
about to disturb me with your Divinity
or Philosophy. I value an even and
easie temper above all the vertuousness
and healthfulness that you speak of;
or rather indeed, I esteem it to be the
only

only temper vertuous and healthful. If I could be angry at any man or thing, it would be at that man that Counsels me to anger, and at his Counsel. Therefore I humbly bid you all farewell.

————— *Exit Lamb.*

Free. They are so cross-grain'd, that I see there is no calling 'em in by pairs. I beg your pardon Gentlemen, and I will endeavour to prevent this disturbance for the future. *Speed.* Call in hither *Witt Wake*; It is very likely something or other ails him.

Speed. I doubt so Sir, for I saw him yonder with his Head lapt.

————— *Exit Speed.*

Free. This poor Man is in miserable subjection to a domineering Wife, that Hectors him like a Male-pert baggage, or a Fury rather. And I know not what to do to relieve him.

————— *Enter Speed with Wake.*

Why how now *Witt*? Hast thou drunk Ale till thy Head akes?

Wake. Alas Sir, It is the Ladle, and not the Liquor that makes it ake. My Tormenter has been with me, when I thought no hurt, and because I did not come away as soon as I had paid my Rent, has

has paid me with a fore rent in my Pate.

Free. Alas poor *Wiss* ! I promise thee, if I had been there, I would have clapt her in the Cage, and cool'd her Toes.

Wake. Ah Sir, She's a Bird not worthy of a Cage. But if you had put her in the Cage, she would have sung you a lesson there, that should have made all the Town to ring of you. And as for cooling her Toes, her Toes are cold enough already. But her hands, oh her hands ! she is so hot-finger'd that I am not able to live with her.

Free. It's wonder thy Horns did not save thy Head.

Wake. I doubt not Sir, but she has made more Horns on my Head, than Knobs. For when she beats me out of Bed, and out of Doors a Nights, I question not but it is to make room for other company.

Cas. I have heard of a disease in Men, call'd Henpeckt; but I never thought the Hens had peckt so deep, as to send their Husbands to the Chirurgions.

Wake. Ah Sir, peck deep ? Mine pecks so deep that I believe she will peck out my Brains shortly.

Cas. But what, friend, cannot you pull

pull up your Heart out of your Hofs,
and put on courage?

Wake. Indeed Sir, I cannot find in my Heart to hurt her, neither is it in the power of my Hands to keep her from hurting me. She got the mastery at the first, and she's resolv'd to keep it.

Caf. Nay friend, if it be so, and that you cannot put on the Buckler of courage, you must resolve to put on the Helmet of Patience.

Wa. Ah Sir, any Helmet, to keep my Head from being broke.

Caf. I mean friend, if you have not the prowess of a Man, you must take unto your self the Patience of an Oxe.

Wa. If't please you Sir, I have the Patience of an Oxe, and I fancy my Horns are as large and wide as most Oxens are, but all this will not save my Head from breaking.

Caf. You do not make use of 'em then, nor fence with 'em as you should do.

Wa. Alas Sir, they lye inwardly, and are no defence at all to me. She knows I cannot push with 'em. She has made me an Oxe long ago, and now she makes an Ass of me, a mere Ass. She beats me black and blue, and all colours, but espe-

especially as yellow as Saffron. If I can lye quietly under the Table, and but keep my manly looks, I think my self very happy. In short Sir, she's a Devil Incarnate, and Apron'd fury, and the French King and all his *Luxemburghs* and *Catinats* are tame Fools to her.

Hec. I have heard of many men that have been Hector'd but I never heard of a poor Man so Andromache'd before.

W. Hector Sir? I have heard of that Hector, and what a cruel fellow he was; but I dare say, be he who he will, he was a mere Sheep to this tormentor of mine.

Hec. What can be prescrib'd for the relief of this poor, cowardly, coxcomby Cuckold?

Fre. Nay Doctor do not call him Coxcomby: He has nothing of the Cock left in him, not so much as the Comb or the Crow.

Cas. What a sad Family must he needs have then?

Ill fares that Family that shows.

A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that

(Crows.

But I pray Doctor, (since my advice avails nothing in this case) be pleas'd

will give her something that shall do you good.

W. Fetch her hither Sir? why it is as much as my life's worth, if she should know I were here.

H. Why then I can only prescribe you something for your broken head, till it be broken again. Clip off the Hair, wash the wound clean with warm Milk and Water, put into it two or three drops of *Lucatella's Balsam*, and clap a Plaster of *Diapalma* upon it, and it will be well presently.

W. I doubt Sir, I shall forget these hard words.

H. Stay in the House a little, and when I come in I will write it down for you.

W. Your humble Servant, good Dr. And this I hope will keep my head from ever being broke again.

H. Nay I dare not promise that Friend. But when I come in, I will prescribe you also a corroborating Oil for your
Pain.

be bound to pray for you all the days of
my Life. Your humble servant Sir

Exit Wake.

Free. Gentlemen, I am sorry the dis-
tempers of my Tenants are such as do
not fall under your cure. But I will re-
commend one to you, whom I know if
his distemper be not grown obdurate,
you may cure.

Hul. I doubt Sir Francis, all your
Neighbours are troubled with Chronical
distempers, for there is little hopes of
any of 'em that I can yet see.

Free. Speed, Call in hither *Charles*
Carroll, I'm sure he needs cure, but whe-
ther his humour be obdurate or no I
know not.

Speed. I doubt Sir, there is no more
hopes of him, than of my Neighbour
Angier. However at your Worship
command I will call him in.

Exit Speed.

Free. This *Carroll* and I have the great-
est antipathy of any of my Neighbours.

E

And

And therefore I think the controversie will mainly lye between him and me; and that before you Father *Caspe*.

Cas. I shall be glad to serve the rectifying of mistakes, and the accommodating of tempers to the utmost of my power, *St. Francis*.

———— Enter *Speed* with *Catchit*.

Speed. What's the matter? Have you lost any thing *Charles*?

Catchit. I know not, Mr. *Speed*; I thought I heard something gingle under my Feet, as if some Money had dropt from me.

Speed. Come, come *Charles*, it is nothing but a covetous conceit.

Catch. It may be so indeed, Sir, for I am fuller of conceit than I am of Money.

Free. Why *Charles*, do you conceit you have more Money than you have?

Catch. Money Sir? Alas your Worship has got all the Money; and more than all. I was fain to borrow some part of your Worships Rent.

Free. Come, come *Charles*, I know your tricks well enough, you have two Bags; the one you call *Catchit*, the other

the

you call *Holdit*; and no body but *Catchit* can borrow of *Holdit*.

Catch. I have no bags, if't please your Worship, but a Batch Bag, and a Malt Bag. As for *Catchit* and *Holdit*, I ken not what your Worship means, it's true, my name is *Catchit*, but it might as well have been *Catch-itch*: for I'm sure I'm likelier to catch that, than any thing else. The times are too hard to catch any thing, except one should chance to sue a Begger; and then you know one might chance to catch, (saving your Worships presence) a Loufe.

Free. But what do you catch *Charles*, when you sue the richer sort of Men? Then I hope the penalty of the Bond, besides the ordinary Usury, brings in procuration, continuation, and dismissal; Besides, it involves many a good gratification.

Catch. Your Worship speaks many hard words, which I do not understand. I was never snappish with any Man in my Life.

Free. Not snappish? Why they say you are a Curr of a Usurer.

Catch. I know not well, what your Worship means. But I confess if I have

ten Groats, or five Shilling to lend a sufficient Neighbour for a Week or a Fortnight, I had rather have interest for it than not. And yet I think the Attourney that has a Groat for the Bill, gets more by it than I do.

Free. Ay, but they say, *Charles*, you shave your Eggs, and sell the shavings to the Apothecaries for twelve pence the Ounce, to make Medicines for the Stone.

Catch. That's the better for them that buy 'em; for then they will ask the less boiling.

Free. I pray *Charles* how many Acres of Land have you manur'd in your time, with the clippings of your Hair, the shavings of your Beard and the pairing of your Nails? for they say, you save them all. Besides, they say you abhor the prodigality of an House of Office, and will never untruss twice in a place.

Catch. Your Worship has a mind to make your self merry. As for the clippings of my Hair, they are but few; and they must fall into the floor, and go amongst the dust, and be swept to the Muck-hill: tho' I confess I think it is no good husbandry to sweep the House eve-

ry

ry Week that comes, for it wears up the Floor. As for my Nails, I never pair 'em close, that would spoil my catching; But that which is pair'd, the Barber has for his pains. As for a House of Office, I confess I think it is an unnecessary building; and I do untruss where I think there is most need; and so, by my good will, I would have my Cows do too.

Fre. Well, well, *Charles*; But they'll untruss where they please for all you. But now you talk of Cows, I know you keep a good Dairy, I pray how do you order that?

Catch. If 't like your Worship I am no Quaker. But I will tell your Worship what my Maid says. She first washes her Hands and Milks the Cows: of the Cream she makes Butter; of the old Milk she makes Cheese; of the Whey of that Cheese she makes Curds; and the Whey of that Whey she sells to a Chymist in Town, and he exalts it into Sack, or something like it; and this Sack we use instead of *Aqua-vita*, when any qualm comes over our Stomachs.

Fre. On my Word, *Charles*, you spin it out to the utmost length. But you are

are a Sheep-master too : I pray how do you order your Sheep ?

Catch. Sheep Sir ? Alas Sir, I have but an end of Sheep ; and I think those are almost at an end too ; they are half of 'em rotten I fear. But when I had a Flock and a Fold of Sheep, I us'd to order 'em thus. I make my Eldest Son my Shepherd, till he be fit to go to service ; and so the next, and the next. For this I take to be the best way of Education : if you would have your Son to be a Gentleman, make him a Shepherd first well, he has his Scrip containing a good Cantil of Bread and Cheese, for himself and his Dog *Trusty*. They abide in the Field, the Boy Knitting, and the Dog sleeping and farting, Early and Late, Wet and Dry. Now I instruct this Boy ingeniously, that if he sees an other Mans Sheep to have a better walk than ours, if he can catch up a new fallen Lamb of any bodies, and fether it (if I may so say) upon a Dam of ours, or if he can fight of any Sheep that wants a Mark, not to lose the opportunity. I always keep 'em clean Felced, and tye a Bag under their Tails all day, and so I have all their Muck in the Fold at Night

Night, your Worship little thinks what good Sauce Sheep Muck is for Land; it is as good as Currants for roast Pig.

Cas. But I pray Friend, amongst all your Arts of good Husbandry, how do you deal with the Parson and the School-master of the Town.

Catch. Truly Sir, as for the School-master, neither I nor any of mine ever trouble him. I prefer Lowing of my Cows, and bleating of my Lambs, before any Language he can speak or teach.

Cas. But I hope you make use of the Writing-master.

Catch. Oh no, Sir, They are the worst of Men. It was never good World, since that trick of scratching came into it. Many a poor Man, ay and rich too, has been undone by writing his name, or setting his mark, which is all long of them. As for the Parson, he prates and keeps a pulper, and pretends to have much to say to me, but indeed I have little to say to him. I cheat him of all, if I can; if I cannot, I pay him the Tithe, I mean the Tithe of what he demands. And I pray Sir, what reason is there that a Man should pay good substantial Lamb and

Wool for Words, that we but Wind
 Hay for Stubble, or Corn for Chaff?

Cas. Fye, fye, you prophane fellow, do
 you value your trash before their trea-
 sure, your Barly Corns before their Jew-
 els? What a Duncihill Soul, what a
 Muck-worm of a Man, are you?

Cas. You may call me what you
 please Sir, but I think, and you shall ne-
 ver make me think otherwise, that if
 I do not get more by keeping Sheep,
 than by being a Sheep of theirs, if I do
 not profit more by my own good bar-
 gain, than by their grave babblings I
 shall dye poor *Charles Catchin*. And so
 Gentlemen fare ye well, for I see there
 is nothing to be got amongst you. Your
 humble Servant Landlord.

Cas. What a wretched Mortal is this?
 Man was made of Earth at first, we ac-
 knowledge; but this man continues mere
 Earth to this day; nay he's made mere
 Muck. Are all your Tenants, Sir *Francis*,
 of this stubborn ill humour? I won-
 der how a person of your sublimation
 does to converse with 'em.

Fre. Truly Father *Caspe*, I am sorry
 for their bad breeding, and gross hu-
 mor; But they have all of 'em one good
 humour;

humour; they pay their Rent punctually at *Lady-day* and *Michaelmas*. And it is only when they are in that good humour, that I converse with 'em. But go, *Speed*, find me out a better, if there be one in the bunch.

Speed. Would your Worship have one that ails nothing?

Fre. No, no, what should he do here then? But some one that's willing to be cur'd of what he ails. Call in *Peter Peace*.

Exit Speed.

Fre. This Neighbour is a quiet contented Soul as lives. I doubt you will find he ails nothing; but I call him to let you know all my Neighbours are not made up of ill and obstinate humours.

Hel. It's well if we find him such as you represent him, Sir *Francis* we will try him.

Enter Speed with Peace.

Peace. Your humble servant Landlord, I pray what's your Worships pleasure with me?

Fre. I have invited you in hither *Peter* before these Gentlemen, that can cure all Diseases of Bodies and Minds, to shew 'em at least in one example, that I have

have Neighbours that stand in no need of their skill.

Peace. I know not whether you have Neighbours or no, Sir *Francis*; but you may say, you have one poor Tenant, that never complain'd of any thing since you knew him. I am always pleas'd with what I have, and I never covet what I have not. If I want any thing, I am content to want it: though indeed, to speak properly, I want nothing, however I am without many things. I look upon the World as a Wilderness; wherein I expect no great entertainment, if I can escape being worry'd of Wild Beasts, whilst I pass thorough it. I think it is very well. I love my Neighbours and Relations very well; but if they dye, I bury them out of my sight; and out of my memory too, as I hope they will do by me. If I have a plentiful crop, I reap it, and am charitable; if I have a poor one, still I reap it, and am sparing. If my Wife smile and be pleasant upon me, I do not dote upon her, because I know that Sex is subtil and variable; If she scold or cry, I do not divorce her, because I know all the Sex is frail and fretful. If my Children be dutiful, I love

love 'em and bless 'em, if they be otherwise, I think, why they are but Children, or at least they are my Children. If my Landlord call for his Rent at the very day, I pay it cheerfully, because I know it is due; if he never call for it, still I am content. In short, I live as I list, because I list to live as I do.

He. This is a fine Temper Mr. Peace.

But what, are you never sick?

Pea. Yes Sir, I am sometimes sick.

in Body, I am sometimes visited with

the Head-ake, but never with the Heart-

ake: I was never so sick, as to send

for a Physician, whom I take to be the

worst of Diseases. And I pray Sir, is

Sickness such a Business? I should still

be content to die, as I know I must,

if I cannot be content to be sick.

Ge. But what, does nothing in Church

or State trouble you?

Pea. No Sir, the State may com-

mand me to be what it will, and it

can make the Church to be what it

will.

Ge. You make the Church to be what

you will? How can that be?

Pea.

Pea. How can it be otherwise Sir? For I choose my Church; the Church does not choose me.

Caf. Your Contentedness, I warrant, or rather Brutishness is such, that you would choose a Barn, as soon as a Church.

Pea. Sir, I am no Humorist nor Fanatick: Yet I am content you should call me a Brute; and I think it as good to be a Brute in a Barn, as a Thief or a Murderer in the Temple: Neither do I account it any more dishonourable, for any one to be serv'd in a Barn, than to be born in a Stable.

Caf. And as for the Government of the State, I suppose you are content that men should seize upon it at a venture, by right or wrong.

Pea. I am not skill'd in right and wrong, Sir, I am content the Government should go as it will go. Let it go by house-row, as Constables do, it shall not trouble me: It may come to my turn at length. However, since the taking of *Limbrick*, I am well satisf'd that King *William* has a Right to the Crown: at least, till some body can take it from him.

Caf.

Caf. Come to thy turn, thou silly Ass? Thou art not fit to make Bum-fodder for a Gentleman.

Pea. I am content to be an Ass too, so your Reverence will vouchsafe to carry the Pack-saddle. Yea, I shall be content to be Bum-fodder to your Reverence, by that time you have wip'd your Breech with your Nose, till you have worn it to the stumps, as some Gentlemen have done. But I perceive, Gentlemen, you are offended with my peaceable Disposition, therefore how ambitious soever I am of your worshipfull Company, I will be content to leave you.

— *Exit Pea.*

Caf. Sir Francis, how do you do to live amongst such a parcel of Fellows. I never met with a company of such cross-grain'd Tikes, in my life.

Free. Oh Father, I do not live amongst 'em, I live above 'em. I told you before, they are good natur'd twice a year, and that's as often as I have occasion to converse with 'em. But now I think on't, I have a Tenant, of a genteelish kind of Humour, that possibly may prove pretty agreeable: but I dare not promise that he ails nothing. You will

will soon find his Disease, and the one
or other of you easily prescribe to him.
With Mr. Medler to come in hither,
Speed. *Exit Speed.*

Cas. I know not what the man may
prove; but his Name imports as bad a
Humour, as any we have met with yet.
I ever hated the pragmatistical breed. I
had rather my fingers were cut off,
than have 'em in every man's Pye.
— Enter *Speed* with *Medler*.

Med. Your humble Servant Landlord,
and yours also Gentlemen; you both
seem to be Lords of Land. And that's
the Character that the great Men of
the World do most thirst after, now a-
days. I hope these Strangers have
brought you some news from abroad,
Sr. Francis, which you are minded to
communicate.

Cas. News Sir? why, I hope you do
not take us us to be Mercuries or Ob-
servators, or Penny-book-pedlers, that
you thus speak.

Med. Oh no Sir; But I take you to be
intelligent Persons.

Cas. And what, do you take all intelli-
gent Persons to be Intelligencers?

Med.

Med. Truly Sir I think, he that knows no news, cannot well be call'd a knowing Man, as the World goes.

Cas. Why, there's nothing new, Sr.

Med. Nothing new? you're an old fashion'd Gentleman sure, that would have all the World, and all the Affairs of it, always to remain in the same fashion. Is it not news [here he repeats the Heads of the *Thursdays* and *Saturdays* and *Mondays* news.]

Cas. But suppose all this to be news, and all this news to be true too, how will this justify the Folly of Curiosity?

Med. I know not what you call Curiosity, Sr. I take it to be a solicitous prying into things either secret or impertinent, things that are either not to be known, or that it does not concern me to know.

Cas. Why, I pray Sir, how it does concern you to know the things done in Spain, Germany, Italy?

Med. Oh Sir, 'tis a generous humour to desire to be acquainted with all the World. It is true, I live here, I rent my House and Land of Sr. Francis, but my mind is a Member of the Universe, and
in

in that, I am as good a Freeholder as he.

Free. Ay, ay, Mr. Medler, Be as good a Freeholder as you can, so you do but pay me Rent.

Med. I do not envy you, Sr. *François*, what is yours? But when i hear what scrabbling there is in the World, for Countreys and Kingdoms, and how other men at home, add Town to Town, and Lordship to Lordship, me thinks my Pittance is very small.

Cas. This Sir, is the fruit of your unnecessary Knowledge; you would think your Condition very good, if you knew no better. I warrant the news of the *French King's* Conquests, puts you into a humour to be a Knight Errand.

Med. No Sir, but I take it to be ungenerous, and inailish, always to live at home, and to carry ones House on ones back. What Sympathy can one have with the Happiness or Misery of the rest of mankind, that knows it not? How can a Stranger to the World, direct or order his Affairs rightly in it? How can I pay my Tithes conscientiously, except I know how the Parson comes by

by his Sermons, or my Taxes cheerfully, except I know what the King will do with the Money.

Cas. I doubt you want to know who is King too.

Med. No, Doctor, I am satisfi'd as well as any of you, since the taking of *Linbrick*, that *William* is King. My Landlord knows what a noble Bonfire I made for him the other night, and how prettily the Boys and Girls hop'd and grin'd about it.

Hel. Father *Caspe*, you mistake this man: he's my Patient. The man is troubled with a Disease call'd *Scotonia*, or the Giddy. He thinks all the World turns round, and he's resolv'd to turn with it. It proceeds from a certain Ventosity, in the Ventricles of the Cerebell. But I can cut him, and cure him.

Med. Your Worship is some Cow-Doctor I warrant. And I think you are a couple of dry, hasty, narrow-spirited Gentlemen, and so fare you well—Exit *Medler* in a pett.

Free. Gentlemen, you complain of my Tenants, that they are cross-grain'd; I doubt it's long of the cross Questions

ons you put to 'em. I pray thee *Speed*, call in *Mr. Slack*; it may be he will fit *Father Casy's* humor better. — *Exit Speed*

On This man rents a good Farm of me, but he has a good Yeomans Estate of his own, and, I believe, lives as easily and unconcernedly, as any Lord in the Land. — *Enter Speed with Slack*

Speed I beg your Worships pardon, that I have been so long. But *Mr. Slack* was so deeply engag'd in company that he knew, and Liquor that he lik'd, that I could not easily perswade him to leave 'em.

Slack I know your Worship has nothing to say to me: For I have but one Concern in the whole World, that is, to pay my Rent; and that your Worship knows I have. And as for these Gentlemen Strangers, I suppose they have no more to say to me, than I have to them; and that's just nothing.

Hel But what, Sir, does nothing ail you in any respect?

Slack Not now I have paid my Rent Sir.

Hel And have no Distemper upon you at no time?

Slack

Slack. None but what I cure my self. Sometimes I am hungry, sometimes thirsty, sometimes sleepy; but I have a Remedy at hand for all these; and such a Remedy too, as is pleasant to take.

Hob. But what are you never wear-

Sl. Never, except it be with doing nothing, or with hearing impertinent Talk, or long stories of news.

Ferr. Or a long Sermon.

Sl. You are ith right, Landlord, I had forgot that. But yet I go to Church too sometimes, to take a Nap. I love the Collects too, only there's so many of them; and Sermon too, if it be not too loud to waken me, or too long, to keep me from my Dinner.

Cas. I doubt you are Atheistically given, Mr. *Slack*.

Sl. I know not what you mean by Atheistically. I confess I am no great admirer of Orators and Observators, nor do I love to have my head troubled with Sermons or Gazers. I cannot endure to be concern'd: Let things go which way they will; for they will go which way they will. What if the Earth quake; must my Heart needs

ake? what if the Heavens crack,
 does it follow, that my Brains must
 crow? What care I, whether the Pope
 be a Papish or a Protestant, whether
 he be a Man or a Woman, whether he
 be a Woman or a Devil. What is it
 to me, whether the King of *Germany*,
 and the King of *Turky* fall out or fall
 in. It does not concern me so much,
 whether the *French* King gets *Flanders*
 or loses it, as whether my *Flanders*
 Mare in the stable be with Foal or no?
 They have made a great deal of stir
 about reducing of *Ireland*, as they call
 it; they might e'en have let it ha' gone
 for me: If it were all of a Bog, it
 would not trouble me; I have never a
 foot of Land there.

Caf. But what have you no mind to
 know how things go abroad?

Sl. To know Sir? Why I'll tell you,
 I think it is the wisest way to know
 nothing: for the more one knows, the
 more he's vext: It is an easier and
 sweeter life to be ignorant, than to be
 a knowing Man.

Caf. But if he knows nothing, he's
 not a Man, he's a Beast.

St. Beast, Sir? The life of a Beast is
 not so contemptible as you make fair of.
 I believe there's never a Beast I have,
 would change lives with you. The life
 of a Beast? what life can be easier, sweeter,
 freer? He leads the life of knowing
 nothing, of caring for nothing; he eats,
 and drinks, and sleeps, and desires no-
 thing, wants nothing, fears nothing.
 Oh Sir, if men were but as free from
 Passions, and Apprehensions as the Beasts
 are, how happily might they live? We
 forsooth, fret at what we have, and
 vex for want of what we have not.
 We cannot enjoy our selves, because
 any body else enjoys any thing as good,
 or better. We cannot digest an Inj-
 ry, till we have requited it; nor be re-
 conciled then neither. There is worse
 found in the Nature of Men, than in
 the nature of Beasts; and all because
 men can think, and know, and argue,
 and have the ill luck to be concern'd;
 which these silly Beasts are free from.
 If you did but know Sir, how sweet
 and pleasant it is to approach as near
 as may be to the life of a Beast, and
 yet not to be one, you would almost
 be tempted to doff your Periwig and

Colothes, and put on Florus and Hooves.

Cal. But what, would you die like a Beast too.

Sr. Their way of dying? is all one with yours; they leave breathing, and so do you. And their way of burying, much nobler than yours: They are buried in you, whereas you are buried in the Bowels of Fishes, of Crows, or at best of Worms. My Ox, or my Hog, when he's dead and eaten, comes to be a part of my self; you being dead, turn to Dust and Filthiness. And if you enquire any further, for the Credit of the Beast be it spoken, he has nothing to answer for; which you Divines and Doctors have.

Cal. I think, *Sr. Francis*, you would do well, to make this man your chief Herdsman.

Sr. Content Sir, if you will be Chaplain to the Herd.

Hel. Nay rather, *Sr. Francis*, be at some Charges with him, to lengthen his Ears, and so he will be one sort of Beast presently.

Sr. Gentlemen, I wish you no worse, than that you may always be kept in your

your Senses; and then I'm sure you will never want something to vex you.

Exit Slack.

Free. Gentlemen, you do so disturb my Neighbours, that they know not what they say. They are a little shatter'd, and you make 'em stark mad. It is to be hoped, if I call in a pair of men that are mad already, you will make 'em sober. I pray thee, *Speed*, go and call in hither Mr. *Grindon* and *Frank Fawns*. I believe we shall have no great trouble with them, except it be to reconcile 'em: and that I hope Father you may do. — *Exit Speed.*

Cas. Alas, Sir *Francis*, your people do not understand my Divinity-trade; but I will do what I can for 'em. My work lies in Cases of Conscience, and I perceive your people have no Conscience, that a man can commit.

Hel. Oh, it lies deep, Father; but by the Lancer of Inquisition, or the Horse-leech of thorough Examination, you may possibly come to it; and let out some bad Blood. — *Enter*

Speed, with *Grindon* and *Fawns*.

Free. You're welcome, Mr. *Grindon*, I have invited you in, to know whether

here be any thing, whereis these Leav-
ned Gentlemen can pleasure you.

Grin. Sir, you think sure, I am a man
much given to Pleasure. If you Knights
and Gentlemen lov'd your Pleasure
no more than I do, there would not
be so much Hunting and Hawking,
and breaking of mens Hedges, as there
is.

Faw. I believe, Mr. Grindon, his Wor-
ship did not mean as you interpret
him.

Grind. Interpret him? I wonder how
I came to be an Interpreter, I think all
the World has a mind to abuse me. I
can scarce read the Text, and yet I must
be an Interpreter forsooth.

Faw. I mean Sir, (I pray pardon me)
as you understand him.

Grin. What, I am become an under-
standing Man, that to my own Know-
ledge, was but a Fool when I came in.
Ay, and the most understanding of men
too, suppose forsooth, that can pardon.
I warrant I am infallible too, am
not I —

Faw. Sir, if I be not deceiv'd, you are
infallible, you are a Pope.

Grin. I am not a Pope, I am a Knight.
+ F

Grin. I a Pope, you Dotterel? how can I be a Pope?

Faw. You carry a Pope in your Belly, and that's all one.

Grin. I pray thee *Fawns*, explain thy self.

Faw. I am plain enough Mr. *Grindon*, I need no great Explanation. But my meaning is this: The conceit that you have of your own Understanding, is apt to make you snarl at the different Sentiments of all other men. Now whoever, (being himself satisfied in a thing) does thereupon declare, that he will never alter his Opinion, or the Conduct of his Affairs, must needs be infallible; at least, he does assume an Infallibility to himself, as well as the Pope. The Pope says, I cannot err; you say you will never alter, and I pray then, which is the more infallible?

Grin. I pray, Sir *Francis*, rebuke this man, he nibbles at the Church.

Faw. It's well Sir, he does but nibble at you; he bites me. He says I am a Pope, I would he could make his words good. He says I snarl, as if I were a Dog: but if he could make me a Pope,

I would make Bulls that should push this Dog out of the Church.

Faw. It's well Sir, the cur'd Cow has short Horns.

Grin. Now I'm come, from a Bull to a Cow, or a Cuckold. Thou wilt make an Ass of me, I believe by and by.

Faw. Oh no Sir, no man is an Ass, but of his own making. You may do that for your self, that no body can do for you. Your Neighbours may help you to Horns possibly, but they can never help you to Ears.

Grin. To Ears Sirra? why, I never was upon the Pillory, I have Ears of a natural length.

Faw. You mean I believe Sir, of the length of a natural.

Grin. A natural? ha, a natural? what doest make a Bastard of me too?

Faw. Oh no Sir, for though many men have the ill luck to be Bastards, yet none of them are naturals, but the By-Blows of Princes. You are an honest Gentleman, and so was your Mother before you.

Grin. Thou nonsensical Owl, my Mother before me a Gentleman?

Faw.

Faw. And why not I pray Sir, as well as the Gray Mare be the better Horse, Your Father was plain George Grindon, but your Mother was Mrs Betty Courtney.

Grin. Well, and what am I then?

Faw. Sir, you are Mr. Grindon at every word.

Grin. what, do I grin at every word? Just now he would make me to laugh at every man; now I grin at every word. This pitiful fellow will make a Dog of me by and by.

Faw. Oh no Sir, far be it from me; you are the meekest Spaniel upon Earth.

Grin. Upon Earth? It's well I am not a Water-Spaniel too.

Faw. I'm sorry Sir, that you should so mis-apply all my words.

Grin. Mis-apply? ha' mis-apply? He made me a Conjuror just now, in saying I could interpret; and now he will make a Parson of me, which is next to it. For none can mis-apply, but those that apply; and that you know is the Parson's Trade.

Faw. You speak wittily Mr. Grindon; but

but under Correction, that's not the Parson's Trade, but yours and mine.

Grin. I never heard a man speak sacrilege till now. A Parson, and yet not apply to himself, the things that he teaches us?

Faw. Sir, he is left to his liberty, as Physicians are, who forbid their Patients many things; that are found upon their own Trenchers.

Hel. What have you to do with Physicians, friend?

Faw. Not much Sir, I thank my good Stars. But this Gentleman, my good Neighbour may possibly need Relief from you.

Grin. Relief? He'll make a begger of me too, I think.

Faw. I mean Sir, you may be beholden to him for his Directions.

Grin. Thou Idiot, I scorn to be beholden to any man: My Landlord here has good Money of me for bad Land.

Free. No, no, Mr. Grindon, you are not beholden to me; I am rather beholden to you.

Grin. Nay, if I thought so, I would throw up all my Land; For I will never
keep

keep a Farm meerly to gratifie my Landlord.

Faw. Me thinks, though you be Mr. Grindon, and my very good Neighbour, you are very humorous Sir.

Grin. Humorous? Now I warrant he will make me sick too, and put me into the hands of this Doctor.

Hel. I doubt indeed Sir, you do abound with Humors. But I perceive they are not very gross and feculent, but serous and fine Humors.

Grin. For all your fine words Mr. Doctor, I do not so abound with Humors, as to humour you with a Fee to purge them.

Faw. I pray Sir, do not fall into a peevish Humour, of all others.

Grin. Peevish? Now he makes a Child of me. I pray good folk, keep the Child from being peevish. Must I not have a Nurse, and a Pap too?

Faw. Oh Sir, we know you have a good Nurse at home, and it is a sign you are not at home now, if you were, she would not suffer this Feather to stick upon your Coat.—He takes it off.

Grin.

Grin. Thou chearous Fellow, why wouldst thou hinder the world from knowing that I lie upon a feather-bed?

Fawn. This is not not a Feather too I hope — he brushes off some dust from his Shoulder with his hand. — This is dust Sir.

Grin. Thou Lawey Fellow: I carry it on purpose to be a Monitor of my Mortality; and dost thou brush it off? Give me my dust again.

Faw. — Stoops, and takes up a handful, and lays it upon his shoulder.

Grin. This is not dusting me, Sirrah, this is daubing me. It were a good deed to reduce thee to the dust and a shadow.

Faw. Sir, I am meaner than a shadow; for I honour your shadow, yea, the shadow of your shoe-tyes.

Grin. They are Buckles Sirrah.

Faw. Still Sir, I will be meeker than they, and buckle to your very Buckle.

Grin. Thou art a dissembling Knave,

Fawn. — He takes.

Faw. Some men are so professedly, without

without dissembling, it's well your Worship scap'd.

Free. Nay, now he Worships you, Mr. Grindon, you must be reconcil'd: I pray walk in and drink a Glass of the best, and be friends.

Grin. A Glass, ha a Glass? a poor modicum. But come *Frank*, if it must be but a Glass, it shall be as big as a looking Glass.

Exit Grindon and Frank.

Free. Call in *Stephen Sad*.

Speed. He'll make you all Melancholick, I doubt Sir.

Free. Poor man, possibly we may make him merry, *Exit Speed.* A very honest fellow: But he's always laying one thing or other to Heart, present or future. If he feels nothing to trouble him, yet he fears something. *Enter Speed with Sad and Merry skipping after them.*

Mer. Oh Derry, derry, my Rent is paid
my Rent is paid,

Oh Derry, derry, my Rent is paid,

is paid,

And eye upon all Fools

That are such very Tools;

That their Rent is unpaid,

unpay'd.

Free. Why how now, *Moses*? who
sent for you?

Mer. If it please your Worship, I'm
like ill Weather, I come without send-
ing for.

And as the fair Fountain springs,

and springs,

Which by no Mud is stay'd;

E'ne so poor *Merry* sings,

and sings,

Because his Rent is pay'd.

— He claps sad on the back.

Come have a good Heart *Stephen*;
thy Rent's pay'd too, lad.

Sad. Ay *Moses*; but *Lady-day* will
come after *Michaelmas*.

Mer. Ay and *Michaelmas*, after that
again.

— And

— And so the year goes round.
 But let's be merry whilst we may.
 Till we be under ground.

Sad. Sure *Moses*, you draw a tight Har-
 row. You are always full of mirth I
 know; but what makes you so full of
 Rhymes?

Mer. Why should not the Heart sym-
 pathize with the Purse, and be both light
 together?

Who can sing so merry a Note,
 As he that cannot change a Great?

And as for rhyming, lad, thou know'st,
Alum et alum non est malum.

Poet and Pot differ but in a Letter,
 The Pot, oh 'th' Pot, does make me
 rhyme the better.

Sad. But how many poor People of
 the same make wish our selves are now
 crying for Bread, and lamenting in
 Prose?

Mer. And who can help it? Last
 they must e'en put their Tears into Tunes,
 and

and then they will be as merry as *Moses*.
And to the vest goes round.

Sad. Oh but can you think of this great Tax that is coming, and be so merry?

Mer. Tax, *Stephen*? I am thinking further than so. I am thinking how merry we shall be, when we have conquer'd France, and drink nothing but Claret.

Sad. Ah *Moses*, I wish I may never want good small beer till then. In the mean time, whilst the Grass grows, the Steed starves. I doubt we shall want Whey before we get Claret.

Mer. Why Lad; we'll make the Pigs drink Water, before we'll want Whey. Have a good heart *Stephen*.

Come cast away Care,
 For sure we are,
 The Parish is bound to find us;
 Thou must die,
 And I must I,
 And leave this World behind us.

Sad. Ah *Moses*, *Moses*, if we come to the Parishes finding, I doubt we shall go with many a short Meal.

Mer.

Mer. Nay Stephen, so they be but many, I care not how short they are: a little, and often is the best feeding.

Sad. But what if the *Turks* or *French* come in upon us, and cut our Throats?

Mer. Why then our Breath will go out of the Gap: And is not that as good as if it went out at our Nostrils?

Sad. What if the Sea should overflow this Island?

Mer. Then we should have plenty of Fish; and that's very good Victuals.

Sad. But what if the Sky should fall?

Mer. Then we should catch plenty of Larks, which are now worth six pence a dozen.

Sad. I pray thee now, *Moses*, be not so mad-headed. Who can be merry, that lives in an Age of Fools and Knaves and Beggars and Mad men, as we do?

Mer. And I pray thee *Stephen*, who can help it? There will be Fools and Knaves as long as you and I live; and Beggars too, as long as my Landlord lives.

Enter **Why** *do* I make any
Heads *how* I care not how they
shall **Alas** I beg your Vnderstands pardon

mean, whilst there are any rich, there will
be some poor to bestow their Estates
upon; else what should they be rich
for?

Cas. Gentlemen, I do advise you to be
ware of Excesses. *Stephen*, it is good
to be thoughtful, but not frightful; to
be cautious, but not jealous; to be mind-
ful, but not misdeeming. Take heed
your grave Seriousness do not turn into
Saddness; or however, be sure it be for
good causes. And you *say*, in all
your Merriment, remember to be ther-
ry and wise.

Mr. I thank your grave Advice,
Reverend Father. I will be sure to
remember the first, and as for the last
yet, I leave it amongst you Book-learn'd
Men, make the best you can of it. But
they say, one cannot be wise and merr-
y too. If it can be, then I pray you
Wise Men, rest ye merry.

Exit **Merry** and **Alas**

Enter **Kester Killagrew**

Mr.

Cas.

Kill.

Kil. Your Worships most humble servant, Sir Francis.

Free. What *Kil.*? Art thou come again? I'm glad to see thee, thou art welcome into *England* again. Thou hast scap't many a scowring, I warrant thee amongst the Teagues.

Kil. Scap't many a scowring? Ay Sir, and so must every body that comes there. I believe they are the greatest flouts in Nature? They made no washing, till I came to wash 'em in their own Blood.

Free. In their own Urine rather.

Kil. Why has any body told your Worship what havock I have made there? Besides the many hundreds that I have killed, I have made thousands beate 'em.

Free. I warrant thou canst shew me many a fair wound, *Kil.*

Kil. Ay Sir Francis, and these in fair places too. But it is no matter for troubling your Worship with such a sad sight: Besides, it may be these strangers are squeamish or cowardly, and cannot or dare not look upon Wounds. But good Sir Francis, how do my Wife and Children amongst you. I have not been at

home yet. I made my first visit to your
Worship.

Free. They are all well at home *Kester*,
as you left 'em.

(ans Friends,

Kill. Blest Heavens do favour *Will*—
And all that to their welfare tends.

Lilly bolero, &c.

I hope I am come in good time Landlord,
to pay my *Michaelmas* Rent.

Free. In the very nick of time *Kester*;
that is, if thou hast brought any Money
with thee.

Kest. Money, Landlord? Hold your
Hand; my half years Rent is ten pound;
here's five Guineys, and six and six
pence in Silver. I pray enter it into your
book.

Free. Oh brave *Kester*! I did not think
the whole Teague-land could have turn'd
out so much Gold. Thou hast stript
some Captain or Colonel, whom some
body else had kill'd.

Kill. Some body else Sir? with these
Hands.

Free. What with these Hands I pray
you.

Kill.

Kil. I kill'd that Rogue *St. Ruth* to
Free. St. Ruth? why he was kill'd
 with a Cannon-Bullet.

Kil. Ay, ay Sir *Francis*, he had a
 thump o' th' breast with a sixteen pounder,
 and was mask'd; but this Sword ended
 his wretched days. And *Sarsfield's* too.

Free. Sarsfield? Why *Sarsfield* is gone
 into France.

Kil. Well, but I had certainly kill'd
 him, if he had not gone; so that indeed
 the taking of *Limbrick* is owing to me.

Hel. Why, was you at the Siege of
Limbrick?

Kil. Of *Limbrick* Sir? I was at the
 Siege of *Limbrick*; and not only of that,
 but of *Carrikerferry*, *Tredagh*, *Dublin*,
Wicklow, *Waterford*, *Kilkeny*, *Kingsail*,
Cork, *Athlone*, *Galloway*, and what not.

Hel. I perceive Sir, you speak compre-
 hensively. For some of these places
 were ne're besieg'd at all.

Kil. It is no matter for that Sir, for
 if they had been besieg'd, I'm sure I
 should have been sent for one.

Hel. But I pray Sir, have you been all
 that Kingdom over?

Kil. Over Sir? Ay and over again;
 from *St. Patrick's Purgatory* in the Coun-

of Tyne, to the Duke's Hall in the
County of Kerry.

Hel. I wonder how you ever got out
of those dismal places.

Hel. Oh Sir, there is no way impossi-
ble to an English Heart, and a Cavalier
Blade. This Sword with this Hand will
cut it's way thorough any Rock, better
than any aquafortis.

Hel. But I pray Mr. Killagren,

Kill. Sir, my name is Killagren, and
a Crew I have kill'd of the veryest Wom-
men that ever the Earth bore.

Hel. Well then Mr. Killagren, how
did your Sword make way for you thro-
ugh the Bogs?

Kill. The Bogs Sir. I needed no
Sword. I was grown so expert, that I
made no more of running over the Bogs,
than one of you grave sirs would do of
walking along the streets. Did your
Gazette never tell you of my chasing
a party of Rapparees over the Bog of
Lis, and killing nine of them?

Hel. Now you speak of it, I do remember
here something of a certain stout Soldier
that kill'd eight or nine Rapparees upon
the Bog of Lis, who afterwards, like
Courteously Rogues, far away to their

Garrison of *Whittington*. But I think
 thought you had been that *Champion*.
Kill I am the Man Sir, I left my
 Horse and my Jack-boots at the side of
 a wood, and these Feet carried me to
 that exploit, and brought me off
 again.

Hel. I perceive Sir, you have been
 a zealous servant of the Kings: how
 chance you forsake him now?

Kill. I forsake him Sir? No; his En-
 mies forsake him. His Enemies cease,
 not his Friends.

Free. Come, come, *Kester*, tell truly.
 Are you not come away in some disgust?

Kill. Disgust, Sir? I tell you, if eve-
 ry Hair on my Head, were a Head, I
 would adventure it for his sake, and if
 every Finger on my Hand were a Hand,
 I would employ it in his Service. But
 having conquer'd, I am willing to sit
 down in peace, which few Souldiers are.
 For they that draw the Sword, common-
 ly love to live by it.

Free. Well said, *Kester*: For it is no less
 a Vertue to leave off fighting, than it is
 to fight. Fighting is an honest recrea-
 tion, but a bad Trade: and so is talk-
 ing

ing as we do. Wherefore if it please you
Gentlemen to walk in, we will enter-
tain honest *Keller* with the best the House
will afford, and drink a health to his
Master.

Kill. — Flings up his Hat, Hurrah!
Long live, King *William* and Queen *Mary*.

— *Exeunt Omnes.*

Epilog.

Epilogus.

Gentlemen,
MY Master Sir *Francis*, gives his
 service to you all, and commands
 me to tell you, that if his House were
 as large as his Heart, you should all lodge
 all night in the former, as well as you
 are sure to do in the latter. Though the
 entertainment was intended for his two
 great friends the Doctors, and the be-
 nefit to redound to his Tenants, yet he
 thanks you all for the honour you do him
 in this visit, and wishes himself capable
 (can you blame him?) of entertaining
 you all like Princes. He is a person of
 a Mind and Temper ample and generous:
 He gives me leave, that am but his But-
 ler, at any time to entertain as many as
 the Buttery will hold, with as much Ale
 as their Bellies will hold. But, alas, he
 wants room for so great a Company;
 as indeed you may easily perceive: For
 if he had had other room convenient,
 he

he would not have defecrated his Chap-
 pel, as you see he has done to day, for
 your sakes. But his Worship has coman-
 ded me to direct you to certain Inns for
 accommodation, and lodging at his char-
 ges. As for present accommodation, there
 is scarce a publick House in Town, but
 can furnish you. If you intend to lodge,
 they can also furnish you: only you are
 to be caution'd, that if you lodge at any
 Mans House that has Horns, you leave
 no more behind you than you found.
 As for particular choice, I need give you
 no directions, they are all good: nay
 they are all best. The Bull has the best
 Mouth, the Bell is the best Mettle, the
 Stag, and the Hearn are the best Venison,
 The Lamb is the best natur'd, the George
 is the best mounted, the Dog has the
 best heels, the Lion has the best Heart,
 the Boar has the best back, but the Keys
 if they be St. Peters, have the best autho-
 rity. The Peacock has the best Feathers,
 the Swan has the best Neck, the Royal
 Pate has the best Brains; but the Vine,
 (oh the Vine!) affords the best Liquor.
 But, if after all, you would know my
 opinion, the Eagle that carries away the
 Child is our best Emblem, she will mount
 all

all the pretty Lads into the Skies upon the
Wings of Fame, and so every Boy shall
be a *Ganymedes*. And I assure you to be
a Butler to *Jupiter* is no small preferment.

And now Gentlemen, as we meet
lovers, I hope we shall part friends.

Fare ye well.

F I N I S.

If the pretty Lady into this kind of
Village of Fame, and to every boy shall
of a Country. And I think you to be
a friend to Youth is no small pleasure
And now Gentlemen, as we meet
over, I hope we shall part friends.

They well

FINIS

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